

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED



MONTHLY

BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S * MISSIONARY * SOCIETY.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 2.

THERE is need of vigorous effort to become acquainted with, and interested in, the great and increasing demands for missionary work in our own country. Our eyes should be opening wider and wider to the infidelity and immorality found upon our western plains, to the superstition and priestly rule in the southwestern sections, and even to the exaltation of vice in a revolting form in Utah. Can any one of us be excused from some part in preserving this land of ours? Are we not able to do much more than we are now doing? Intelligence and love in the heart must lead to action. Says one who has had experience as well as observation, especially in regard to the condition of woman in certain sections, to the members of the churches: "Oh, that they knew of the needs of the West, and of the growth of our country; of the heathen superstitions within its bounds, of the sufferings of women in tribes yet unreached by the Gospel, or among the Mormons; of the call made by Indians for ministers and teachers, and of the work that might be done among them all."

THE *Missionary Outlook* makes the following pertinent statement in an article on the revision of church finances which the

missionary worker, it may be feared, often finds to be too true; but let us not be discouraged thereby. It says: "It ought to be the easiest thing in the world to raise money for that blessed Christ who came down to poverty and agony and death that he might lift us to riches and joy and life. Instead of that, it is the hardest thing. There is nothing that seems to grieve some people so much as an appeal to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. So many want a kind of success that costs nothing—a cheap and inexpensive success, that will support itself and leave their spirit of cupidity untaxed and undisturbed."

OUR readers will remember that reference has twice been made to Pandita Ramabae, the remarkable Brahman woman who has been doing so much for the educational advancement of her countrywomen, and not a few prayers have been offered that her powerful influence may be consecrated to Christ. Recently she surprised her friends by sailing for England, for the purpose of studying medicine, as she explained, not intending to become a Christian. The *Heathen Woman's Friend* remarks that certainly there is good reason to hope that she may open her heart to Christian influences, and return to minister as well to the sin-sick souls of her countrywomen as to their suffering bodies.

And now, sooner than one dared to hope, comes the glad intelligence, in the January number of the *Missionary Review*, that Pandita Ramabae has become a Christian, publicly professing her faith in Christ.

AN exchange relates the incident that two ladies were traveling together to attend a missionary meeting. Naturally their conversation turned to the zenana work which has been so successfully prosecuted of late years. Another lady, sitting near, caught their words, and after a while she asked: "Tell me, please, if the zenana work of which you speak is anything like Kensington?" The comments are,— "and 'pity

'tis 'tis true' that a presumably intelligent woman should confound a branch of missionary work with embroidery,—how long will women in a Christian land, and even members of Christian churches, be content to be ignorant of the great missionary operations which are destined under God to bring the world to Christ? "

THE editor of *Woman at Work* in her excellent magazine, devoted to the help of women, and which we cordially recommend, has well put some answers to this question of our duty to the publications which are especially our own, from which we quote the following :

First: We owe *attention*. These papers are the lines of communication between the workers. They are the exponents of principles that need to be understood, thus belonging in a small or large way to the growth of the world. They may be crude, but if they are pure and helpful, they are surely worth our thought.

Second: We owe *commendation*. None can be more conscious of defects than the editor or publisher, yet no others know how much labor and life are wrought into the printed page. Instead of picking honest work to pieces, how much better to think and say: "Why, if with a little patronage this paper is so good, what would it not be with the help of every honest woman?"

Third: We owe *support*. Not as a charity, impressing the friend who commends it to our notice with a sense of personal favor, but as loyal support as we give the local newspaper, the church paper, the fashion magazine. In the great work now being done in many branches of reform that vitally concern the home and the world, every woman of intelligence should bear some part.

The larger portion of the human race are to-day worshipping their idols, or clinging to their superstitions, and to the Christian church is committed the blessed work of carrying to these millions of our brothers and sisters the knowledge of the true, triune God.

Our Commission.

[BY MISS MAY PRESTON.]

"In my vineyard work to-day."
Ah! who would not work for Thee!
Master, we would ever pray
Our own special task to see.

Shall it be to prune the vine
And uproot the noxious weed,
Or in fallow ground of Thine
Plant new vines or sow the seed?

Shall it be to pluck the fruit
Of another's patient toil?
Or by delving at the root
Loosen and enrich the soil?

Shall our labor last till night —
"Till the lengthening shadows fall?
Or beneath the noonday light
Shall we hear Thy tender call?

May we hear the sweet "Well done,"
Hear the welcome "Enter in."
May our bliss be fairly won
By our conquest over sin.

What the task we need not know,
Where Thou leadest need not see;
To our labor let us go —
Glad of any work for Thee.

SABETHA, KANSAS.

It has been truly said that the missionary enthusiasm which the past ten years have developed is largely due to the touch of woman's hand. Let any great and true movement become thoroughly infused with her intense sympathy, her fine enthusiasm, her patient and persistent will, her power of self-sacrifice, her peculiar capacity for giving it fascination, and above all, her preëminent faith and spirituality, and it will grow into a great enthusiasm. A man may attend a missionary meeting, and feel its power, and perhaps respond in generous action. A woman will not only do this, but she will become a magnetic medium, and speak of it until all within her influence are infused with her intensity of feeling. She is the born herald of good tidings, and not only her sisterhood in far off lands, but the whole Church of God is feeling the power of her holy evangelically.—*Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

Reminiscences.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

JUNE 4, 1845, Mr. Phillips, after nearly a four months' voyage, arrived in Boston, little, if any, improved in health, and was soon with his family in New Hampton, N. H. Four days later, accompanied by his wife and Dula (the Santal native), he attended the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, held in Manchester, where he met a warm reception. He brought with him a letter from the Orissa (India) Quarterly Meeting, certifying him as their delegate, and asking to be received as a member of the Yearly Meeting. The request was gladly granted. The letter was written by Rama, native preacher. In it he said: "Formerly, in this country, the deepest darkness prevailed. None knew the true Lord. Being absorbed in the worship of various gods and goddesses, true wisdom was destroyed, and all wandered in darkness. But now, through the Lord's mercy and your toil, the life-giving word which we have received, like the morning dawn is diffusing its light, and, like leaven, is working among those formerly zealous in delusive worship, and they are contending with their own lying minds; and multitudes of people, believing, confess that this word is true. . . . We are a very weak and famishing people, but the bread of eternal life is in your hands, and of that we have begun to taste, but we are not satisfied; therefore, we urge this request, that wells for this degenerate people may be filled up by you with living water.

"Our most beloved Brother Phillips is about to leave us, on account of which we are much affected. . . . If, through the mercy of the Lord, he should arrive in your country, you will hear from his own lips of the sorrows of this land; also, that many are giving heed to the teachings of the Bible, and that the Lord has caused Christianity, like a beautiful cloud, to arise over the minds of this people."

A few days later, Mr. Phillips, with his wife and Dula, attended the New York Central Yearly Meeting, within whose boundaries was the place of his nativity. Here he met his

son James, then a student in Whitestown Seminary. "But three and a half years," he said, "had wrought such changes that, if the meeting had been unexpected, it is doubtful if either had known the other. Numbers of my early friends were present, among whom was an own brother, who recognized me, but I knew him not. The bald heads and wrinkled and careworn features of those I left young men, strangely impressed me with a sense of the changes time had wrought."

The expected presence of Mr. Phillips and Dula drew to the Yearly Meeting a large concourse of people, and was indeed the crowning interest of the session. A minister who was present thus described the scene: "When it was announced that the missionaries had arrived, every heart began to beat with unwonted force, and when they entered the church and were introduced by the moderator and the whole audience arose to welcome them, it was a season of the deepest emotion I ever witnessed on any occasion whatever. When Kossuth first landed at Castle Garden, New York, I had a position commanding the whole scene. The greetings and review of the military companies over, Kossuth, accompanied by his wife and distinguished attendants, proceeded up Broadway, and, as the immense throng swept up by the Washington House and Bowling Green, enthusiasm passed into excitement so high that it was mania rather than enthusiasm. But this of which I am now speaking was more intense emotion than that, though very diverse from it. We seemed to have passed the boundaries of time, and to stand amid the overwhelming realities of eternity. In a moment we lived over the last twenty years; in the same moment we anticipated the judgment scene. We rejoiced with those who, coming with their golden sheaves, had their places on the right hand, and we shuddered over the fate of those who were lifting up the unending wail, 'The harvest is passed, the summer ended, and we are not saved.' Such a commingling of gratitude, joy, and holy awe is not often witnessed upon the earth.

"The brother whose lot it was to express a welcome to the missionaries was so overpowered that words refused to obey the summons, and, if any came, they were so inadequate to the occasion that he felt silence to be an imperative duty. Meanwhile, the audience were beginning to find relief to their swollen hearts in profuse tears. At length Mr. Phillips, in a manner indicative of the highest self-possession, began his reply, say-

ing, 'I feel as if I had at length reached my home—like a child returned to his father's house.' He was very grateful for the protecting power that had been over him and now permitted him to be present at a session of the Yearly Meeting with which he was connected when he left to go far hence to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. He was very grateful for their tender welcome, inasmuch as it was not merely for him personally, but for all the missionaries, and especially for the missionary cause. Before he closed his reply to the address of welcome, though apparently so self-possessed when he began, he was almost overpowered by his emotions."

Mr. Phillips, with his wife and Dula, also attended the Rochester Yearly Meeting, where they were again very warmly welcomed. He was delighted with the change he witnessed among the churches. He said, "I find incontestable evidence of the progress of Christian benevolence in general, and the mission cause in particular, in the last twenty years. There is certainly among our people a much larger amount of talent and intelligence, property, influence, and enterprise consecrated to the cause of God and the general purposes of benevolence, than formerly. To be converted, enjoy one's self, have a hope, seem to be less regarded as constituting the whole duty of a Christian than in former years, while more regard is paid to the injunction 'to do good, to be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.'" Dula was an object of much interest during this tour, sometimes reciting in the public meetings the Lord's Prayer in Santal, singing Santal hymns, and replying to the many questions of those present, to their great gratification.

After spending a few days with his relatives in Utica and Whitestown, Mr. Phillips visited his family friends in Plainfield, his native place. "Here," he said, "more than elsewhere, the sad changes time ceases not to effect, were more painfully evident. True, the hills and dales and running brooks were still there to remind the returned exile of what was once all the world to him, but even these seemed greatly diminished in relative size and importance. On entering the sanctuary, and looking here and there for that aged father and mother in Christ, whose fervent piety, soul-stirring exhortations, and consistent examples were living epistles, the exclamation was almost involuntary: 'The fathers—where are they? and the prophets—do they live forever?'"

Mr. Phillips returned to his New Hampton home the last of July. His spirits had been greatly refreshed by the very cordial receptions that he had everywhere met, but his health had not improved. He was induced to go to the Saratoga Water Cure, whence he wrote, Aug. 13, to his son, James : "Here I am, trying, at this late period in life, to learn how to live and take care of my health, while I pay the penalty and try to repair the damages done by violating the laws of health. I have been examined and pronounced sound in physical organs, none either lost or so much impaired as to prevent the vital functions from continuing their operation. But I have abused and well-nigh ruined my nervous system before I knew I had one, or what a nervous system meant. The doctors tell me I have a strong constitution — this was no news to me—and if I can throw off care, take things easy for a time, I may again be as well as ever. This is so far encouraging, but how to throw off care is the difficulty.

"I hope you are still prospering in body and mind, but I fear you are overdoing. Be careful, my boy. . . . Your own sense of what is right and proper may be safely trusted, and the Lord bless you in doing your duty! I may stop here a month, should I find that it agrees with me."

In September Mr. Phillips removed his family to Utica, and as there seemed little prospect of any speedy improvement of his health, he subsequently removed to Iowa, and it took some eight years of rest from intellectual labor to recover the lost tone of his nervous system.

Some Women's Ways.

[BY MRS. M. E. RAMSEY.]

NOT great ways, nor grand ways, but simple, homely ways of doing some work ; by which they earned money for missions ; — not large sums either, but then, who can estimate the value of money given with love and prayer? I do not write this for those to whom much has been given, for those whose lives have been made easy, whose hands are full to overflowing. There are such women in our churches, and the matter of giving has not the same meaning to them that it

has to you and to me. No, this is for those who are weary with the ceaseless round of household duties, who long to give and do for the Master, yet who look into purses scantily supplied for the daily needs of life, and who feel that it is impossible to take any money from them for any other purpose. I know there are many such women, members of mission societies, and to them I want to suggest some ways of making money.

The first plan I shall mention was adopted by the wife of a home missionary in the far West. As she did her churning, one pound of butter was put aside each week. This involved constant self-denial to her,—self-denial from which, perhaps, must of us would shrink, but she said at the end of the year she was more than rewarded by the joyful consciousness that she had helped to advance the kingdom of our Lord. If that would be too much for you to give every week, would you not do it once a month?

One of the most successful attempts to raise money was originated by a young girl whose hands were empty, but whose heart was full of love. The idea came to her of raising flower-seeds and bulbs for sale. So in her little garden she planted lilies, gladiolus, crocuses, gay tulips, and other bulbs. All the increase she sold, together with seeds of mignonette, pansies, and other sweet, old-fashioned flowers. She only asked a few cents for her plants; they were not rare and costly, but she had a greater demand than she could supply. In the spring slips of geranium and foliage plants were given her, and with her care they grew and developed into such beauty that they were eagerly purchased by those who could not afford to pay the prices asked at the green-houses for such plants. The cultivation of this little garden did not require much time, and it afforded her the greatest pleasure. She saw a strange, new beauty in her flowers after she gave them their new mission on the earth. Surely, these flowers with their holy purpose, these lily-cups white as the snow, these gay goblets of tulips and crocus in purple and gold, are those

“Cup-bearers undying
Of the wine that is meant for souls.”

In contrast with this bright young girl among her flowers in the sunshine, is an old woman I know. She is so poor, so very poor that it seemed she could do nothing; but she had a bed of sage in her garden, and that she consecrated to this

work. She tended it with loving care, and the yield from it gave her one dollar and a half, which she handed to the treasurer of the little society of which she was a member. Perhaps some laughed at her quaint old figure, as she bent over her little patch, her face lined with wrinkles, and shaded by her queer old cap; but dear friends, have any of us done work as hard for us as this was for her, or given what cost us as much? She did it because she thought "The Lord hath need."

"Only a meagre garden space
Out of this world so rich and broad,
Only a patch of herb-strewn sod
Given in which to work for God."

"Think you He looks for headed wheat
Out of your plot of garden ground?
Think you He counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields thrice the tithings He has found?"

I hesitate to make my next suggestion, fearing you will turn away with a smile, and say: "I knew she would bring in the inevitable missionary quilt." Well, I do bring it in, and I insist, that to make a quilt is one of the easiest ways for weak society to make money. Nor do I sneer at the "album quilt," since I have seen one made more than thirty years ago, and treasured with greatest care by a minister's widow. She brings it out and reads over the names of many long since dead, and it brings back tender memories of sweet friendship, and of mutual service in Christian work. These are usually made of cotton, one patch being white, on which the name is written. Ten cents for a name is the usual charge, but some persons who are not desirous of acquiring fame in this way have been known to give fifty cents, or a dollar *not* to have their names inserted.

A silk quilt, however, is the best kind to make. Give out samples of the work, and let each person look up her scraps of silk, her old ribbons and neckties,—if they are faded diamond dyes will make them beautiful as new,—and perhaps she will find she has more than she supposed. The sewing will be a pleasant change from one's mending and making. Such sweet thoughts and fancies can be wrought into your patchwork, that it will seem almost a holy thing. The glowing colors of the silks in your hands will teach you many new ideas. The crimson will tell the story of the passion of our Lord, the purple will speak of the glory of the King, the sunset yellow will proclaim His love, the sapphire speak of pardon, and the white, blending all the rainbow colors, will bring

the sweet thoughts of them all, and its own especial symbol of purity and innocence.

When all the separate patches have been made, appoint a meeting for the sewing together, and have a pleasant time. When the quilt is complete you will be sure to find some one to buy it at a price that will give you a fair return for your labor.

Are any of you who read this ill as well as poor? Let me tell you of a woman whom I know. She is not only poor and friendless, so far as that there is no one on whom she has a right to depend, but she has been an invalid for many years. She is a dressmaker for the poor, and when her weak fingers are able to hold a needle, she toils for her own support; but she is often forced to lean on the hand of charity. When she receives help, she feels that she owes it all to the sweet influences of Christianity, and contrasts her condition with that of the suffering and despised women of heathen lands. So her heart has burned with a longing desire to impart this great gift of God to the whole world, and to share herself in the blessing promised to those who work for this end.

One day as she swept her little room and gathered up the shreds she had made in her work, she thought, "These are all I can spare, and it may be the dear Lord will bless the gift, if it is only one of rags." Each night the little pieces were carefully gathered up and placed in her bag with a prayer. At the end of the year she sold them, and handed fifty cents to the treasurer of her society.

Only the odds and ends, dear friends, gathered patiently day after day when her weary work was over; and yet the sum was more than many pay from their abundance.

Oh, women, fair and loved, and rich in all earthly possessions, will you hold as much in your hands when you come to die as this poor woman in her small, unfurnished room, who does something every day for the dear Lord's work?

You know that

"All you can hold in your cold, dead hands
Is what you have given away."

OMAHA, NEB.

DR. MACKAY has repeatedly ventured among the ferocious Malays of the mountains of Formosa, and sown the seed of gospel truth. A recent telegram from him says, "A thousand aborigines have thrown away their idols."

Are Missionaries Beneficiaries?

[BY MRS. C. C. CARPENTER.]

THAT depends upon what a missionary is. As we use the term it indicates a man, or, in these later days, a woman who is sent to carry the Gospel to those who do not have it. But who sends the missionaries? Our answer is as follows: *We* send them — that is, the Missionary Society sends them, and we are constituents of the Missionary Society, — therefore we send them. They would not go if we did not send them; certainly a very, very few would or could go at their own charges, for almost all such people resemble closely the first pair who began the missionary work after Pentecost — they may have much faith and power to speak with other tongues, but silver and gold have they none. We are the generous ones, who pay their wages and their expenses; are they not our servants? We are the benefactors; are they not our beneficiaries?

It must be admitted that our responsibilities for missions involve a large amount of brains and machinery and work. There is the Woman's Society proper, the mother of us all; and the various branches of the Woman's Society, and all the auxiliaries of all the branches, and all the children's bands connected with all the auxiliaries.

It is no small matter to organize and manage all these bodies; and certainly no little trouble for us members to attend so many meetings, little and large, here and there.

A great deal of precious time is spent in these gatherings and in preparation for them — time which, to say the least, could be advantageously used by most of us in work at home.

Then there is the pecuniary part of it, — a collection at every meeting, — and this when there are so many personal wants. It does require a good deal of self-denial to give all the money we have to give. Nor do we forget the faith and the courage requisite to use time and brain and money and zeal in a cause so far away, and about which so little is known, especially when there is so much to be done around us. Ought not, then, the missionaries to be very thankful that we do as much for them as we do, and to recognize gratefully the fact that they are our beneficiaries?

This is *one* way to answer the question; there is also another. Was the former theory correct? *Do* we send the missionaries? Is ours the only call they receive to their

work? Would the promise of a scanty salary and the payment of traveling expenses be sufficient inducement for these men and women, many of whom are fitted by their talents and training to fill an honorable position anywhere, and secure a much larger remuneration at home, to do and endure all that is involved in being a missionary? Surely not! It is no small thing to leave one's native land — such a land as ours, with its churches and schools, its safety and society and culture. It is no small matter to leave home, father and mother, brothers and sisters, dear friends and associates, all that goes to make life happy, and cross wide oceans, "far in heathen lands to dwell." How missionaries can do this is a question which admits of but one true answer. They do not do it at the call of the parent Board or of the Woman's Board, but because they have heard the voice of the Master himself. We do not send them; the Lord Jesus Christ sends them. If anybody's beneficiaries, they are His. But how are they called differently from the rest of us? Where in the Bible do we find the command which separates a few from the privilege of seeking a home and employment in a place and a manner which will insure them social happiness and temporal advantage? I find but one call, and that has no qualifications: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." But there are different ways of obeying it. Two sisters grew up together in the same home, surrounded by the same influence. To one it became a settled thought, even in her childhood, that if ever she became a Christian she should be a missionary. No one spoke to her about it, and she spoke to no one; but the thought was there always, although it was not altogether a pleasant one. Even after she gave her heart to Christ, when a young woman, she did not like to face the subject. She simply let it alone for months. But there was no rest to her soul till that constantly recurring question, "Are you willing to be a missionary?" was settled; and she settled it upon her knees in her closet. From that hour she could think of no greater joy than to tell of Christ's love in the "regions beyond."

When one asked her sister, a beautiful Christian girl, if it had never occurred to her that she might be a missionary, she answered with a merry laugh, as if the idea was perfectly absurd: "I never thought of such a thing; I know it isn't my duty." Now both these girls obeyed the Spirit of the great Commander — the one in the actual going, the other, though

she staid, in her active sympathy and help. The command is for all ; and if we find that we cannot ourselves go, we must send a substitute. These missionaries who, in God's providence, are moved to go, are your substitutes and mine, beloved sisters, and we ought to be thankful to them, not they to us ! We are their beneficiaries, not they ours !

Let me give another simple illustration. A young missionary came back to her childhood's home after a few years of foreign service, sick and disheartened. She had gone out to her work joyfully, expecting to spend her life in it ; but it seemed as though the Lord had taken her, temporarily at least, away from it. She and her babe needed everything, — she had found so little time to sew during her absence. But before she had time even to plan her outfit, a neighbor came in with her arms full of little dresses and aprons just ready for the child to wear. "Let me do it," was the woman's request. "I cannot go as a missionary myself, even if I were qualified ; it is my business to care for those who do go. You are my substitute." Dear ladies, was not that a beautiful thing for that Christian woman to do ?

Jacob gave a tenth of all he had to the Lord. Sometimes it seems as if we did not give one-tenth of our hearts to the Lord. When our cry is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do about those to whom the light of the Gospel has never come ?" we shall not content ourselves with going to monthly concerts and dropping a nickel or a dime into the box as it passes us, or paying twenty-five or fifty cents or one dollar a year, that we may be a member of an auxiliary society. We shall be anxious to know, since we cannot go, what we shall do to uphold and strengthen and comfort those who go in our place. When we remember how urgent is the need and how blessed is the service which these missionary brothers and sisters have gone to supply, we shall be ashamed for even asking the question which is our subject. We shall rather feel like saying, "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring the glad tidings of good things ; we will make straight paths for their feet." When we remember what Christ's love and his Word have done for us and our children, we shall say most earnestly, "This hast thou done for me ; what have I done for thee, thou Crucified ?" And the Master himself will say unto us, "Freely ye have received, freely give." — *Life and Light.*

Correspondence.

[FROM MRS. EMMA SMITH COLDREN.]

FEVER — IGNORANCE OF NATIVES.

THERE has been a good deal of sickness in the mission this season; quite a number of children have died with the fever. The civil surgeon's family buried their little five months' old baby yesterday; she was only sick a few days, had some fever, but during the last of her illness, convulsions, and being the only daughter, it seemed more hard to part with her.

One of our native Christians buried a child recently. During its sickness I called to see it, and found the poor child suffering very much. One of its grandmothers was holding it and had it well covered, although its head was very hot. Its other grandmother and its father were looking on, but doing nothing. Hattie Phillips was with me, and she sent the father for a native doctor. We could do nothing for it, as anything we thought best to do they would not consent to. They are afraid of cold water and fresh air for the sick, are very ignorant nurses, and if one of them gets very ill it seems there is nothing for him to do but to die. This child's mother is very sick, but till to-night she has lain on the floor (which is made of dried mud) with nothing but a thin mat under her. We sent over a cot-bed, and possibly, if they have sense enough to put her on it, she may get better. These people are very stupid about everything pertaining to the health or comfort of a sick person. I gave her medicine, but they were afraid of both it and the teaspoon of cold water in which it was to be given, so I advised them to get medicine at the hospital. The family all sleep in the same room, except an old woman who has the leprosy. She occupies a little place partitioned off from the veranda. There were four of them with the baby in the one and only room in the house. There is one door and one window, or hole in the wall, both of which are shut tightly at night, and there they are bottled in, and sleeping on the floor.

This is the way thousands and millions of people in this country live. Those who are better off have larger houses and beds in them.

When we returned from the funeral of the civil surgeon's baby (which was buried in our churchyard by the side of

Mrs. Marshall's little Nellie), we called to see the sick woman again. Some medicine had been obtained, but none of it administered. Hattie said to the mother-in-law: "You will not take our medicines, and now you have some from your own doctor, you will not give that. If your daughter dies, whose fault will it be? This so aroused her, she said we might give it to her. Sometimes they let her go twenty-four hours without anything to eat.

It has been very sickly at Jellasure. Mrs. Smith has had the children come down to Balasore, and they are distributed about in the families of native Christians. She has taken the circuit-house for a month or so. I am so thankful to our Heavenly Father that we are as well as we are.

BALASORE, Sept. 4, 1883.

EXTRACTS FROM INDIA LETTERS.

Miss Mary Bachelor kindly forwards the following interesting items from personal letters just received:

FROM DR. NELLIE PHILLIPS, DANTOON.

"We are all back again from Yearly Meeting. If all the others enjoyed it as much as I did, it must have been of some use. Everything was very placid. The only removal was that which puts mother and me in Santipore. It will be some little time before we can move, as roads are not open yet, and there is much to be done on the house. . . . I received a letter this morning from Miss Folsom.* She reports wonderful results from their work where she is, many of the lower classes coming for baptism. Though the Brahmins are much opposed to the mission, their sons are only waiting to be of age, that they themselves may be baptized. Why is it that, while so many others are blessed, *we* are passed by?"

FROM MISS MILLAR,† MIDNAPORE.

Miss Millar writes of having twenty schools under her care—eleven in Midnapore and nine outside, at Dainmari, Palasbani, etc. She says Mrs. Phillips was far from being well, and was unable to do anything. Miss Hooper was not well, and may have to come home. She was very much pulled down by her sickness at Jellasure. Several times she was

*Miss Folsom is now connected with the mission to the Telooagoos. She is a cousin of Mrs. D. F. Smith.

†Miss Millar has for some time been associated with Mrs. Dr. Phillips in the work of her Ragged Schools, and seems now to be bearing the heavy burden.

thought to be dying, and suffered so much that she begged Mrs. Smith to let her die and go home. It would be strange indeed, if she recovered at once, or easily, from such a severe sickness. True, she went to Darjeeling, but her stay there was short and could not repair the waste of the hard fever which so nearly took her life.

[FROM MRS. JEREMIAH PHILLIPS, DANTOON.]

"I never saw such an enthusiastic worker as Miss Millar is, and she never seems happy except in her work. She has opened two or three large schools of late, and in one I saw a large number of nice, bright-looking girls. She drives around among the babus just as though she knew they wished her there. She wanted a large pukka (brick and mortar) veranda for a school-room, but it was crowded with old dilapidated palanquins and other rubbish that babus usually collect. Miss Millar just made them believe *they* wanted the school right there, and then made them clear it all out and clean it up. When I was there I saw forty children in the school, and the majority, I think, were girls. . . .

"The dreadful inundation of the past season left disease and death in its track." Mrs. Phillips, after mentioning several deaths among the native Christians of Jellasure and Balasore, and the sickness among the missionaries, said: "Nellie has been obliged to run from Dan to Beersheba, but is now at home with a sore throat—so bad that she can hardly say three words.

"In regard to the work we have opened here, it is small, but, to us, very interesting. Nellie has for a year been teaching (when at home) in Ram Babu's house and three others. One day she took the Bible to a house near Ram's, which so frightened all, that she was told not to come any more. I think Ram's wife and, perhaps, her daughter, Giri, read the Bible quite often, and the wife has Bible lessons. Giri is married to a wicked fellow in Lakyannath, and is to leave her home next November. Her mother is very sorry over the matter, and can hardly speak of it without tears. I have a school of twenty-five, held on our veranda, and have become very much attached to the children, three of whom are girls. Nearly every one is just as bright as one could wish, and they have become interested in the Bible lessons I have taught them. They have also learned a number of hymns. We shall be very sorry indeed to leave the work we have tried so hard to open, but this is not the place

for single women. A good man with his wife is greatly needed here, and I hope such a man will come ere long. If possible, we shall have a native preacher and a Christian family here to keep up the work, and shall try to visit the place every month."

[FROM MISS MARY E. FRENCH.*]

THE WILLING-HEARTED NEEDED.

I would be glad to write something for your columns, as you desired me to do when I came from home, but I hardly know what to write about, for things strike me very differently than when I came to India before. The strangeness of things and the descriptions that would entertain people do not come to me as then, but the needs of the people, a sense of their bondage to evil, and of the utter poverty of human effort to reach and lift them, impress me much more; and the sure promises of God that He "will give the heathen" to his Son for an "inheritance," and that "they shall come from every kindred, tribe and nation," and that "all the ends of the earth shall praise Him," are a strong tower into which we can run and hide away when the temptation to discouragement comes.

The demand for workers on every side is so urgent that it makes one desire to prepare to go into active service as quickly as possible. There are but three European missionaries who can speak to the people in their own language in all the Berars, both east and west, two provinces. This makes me feel like giving all my strength for the present to acquiring the language, which is quite hard, harder than Bengali. I praise God for permitting me to come to this land, and will you not pray that He will fit me to be His true ambassador to this people. I have thought that my work may be among the women in their homes. If so, God must open the doors for me, as no zenana work has been done in this part of the country, and the women are not yet accessible, *i. e.*, high-caste women. If this is the work to which He is calling me, He *will* open the way as soon as I am prepared.

*Miss French will be remembered as one of the missionaries of the Foreign Mission Society, at Midnapore, who was obliged to return after a short stay, on account of failure of health. Restored, in answer to the prayer of faith, and constrained by love to Christ and the needs of the heathen, she has been led to return to India. She goes without the pledge of support from any society, trusting God for all her needs. We are sure our readers will be glad to hear from her through this extract from a private letter. Remembrances can be sent to her through Dr. Charles Cullis, Boston, Mass.

There is much one can do in this land without ever touching any language but the English. Miss Millett, who came with me, is intending to open a work in English in Bombay.

The Gospel has never been preached in this part of the country. We have recently been attending a religious festival, or fair, held in a village fourteen miles from Basim, in honor of the goddess Bhawani. The people trade in the day time and worship at night, I should judge, by the noise of drumming, music, singing, and shouting we heard. I saw very little that looked like worship going on in daylight.

Miss Wheeler and I went, taking with us the twenty-one girls of the Orphanage, and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, from Akola — our nearest railroad station, fifty miles away — came with some native preachers. Meetings were held morning and evening for ten days, which were well attended. The audiences were never less than a hundred, and sometimes I judged more than two hundred. The people were gathered from all the country about, and so the truth will reach a great many towns and villages through those who heard it at this fair.

There were many who seemed to be earnest inquirers after truth, but it was all new to them, and they could not readily accept it. They were evidently deeply thinking about what they heard, however, and we trust that the seed thus sown will soon spring forth and bear fruit. One man said to one of the missionaries, "You are making our gods all seem false to us." One old woman said one morning very earnestly, after having asked many very intelligent questions, "I have a family, a house, plenty to eat and plenty to wear, but I lack the knowledge of the true Teacher."

I wonder how people can stay at home, or, if called to remain in a Christian country, how they can allow their time, money, mind, and affections to be engrossed in worldly things, when there are so many perishing souls who have never heard *one word* about the true way of salvation.

BASIM, WEST BERAR, INDIA.

[FROM A MINISTER'S WIFE.]

WORTH HEEDING.

DEAR HELPER: I have long felt that I would like to say a word through you, but as I am not accustomed to writing for the press I do it with trembling. My home is in the West, and has been for nearly twenty years. I have had some experience in that time, as my husband is a Free Baptist

preacher. I find that many of the New England friends have a wrong idea of the West. They seem to think that the people live in log cabins yet, and are poor. But that is all in the past, in many sections.

Our farmers, as a general thing, now have comfortable homes, in many instances nice, large ones, and own their broad acres. They are an enterprising, liberal people, and, so far as they understand, willing to give. What we need is some of our young New England ministers to come out here and work for the Master. As I said, our people are generous, whole-souled, and willing to aid by their means and influence. But what is wanting is leaders, and instruction in what are our wants and needs as Free Baptists. We all must know something about our power and force for mission work before we are ready to give aid. So it seems to me to be the one thing needful, to try to educate the people in these things, and to circulate Free Baptist literature among them. Who, of my many eastern friends, will come to this beautiful country to do this work, and strive to win souls for Christ?

Historical Sketches.

THIS volume, mentioned in the list of Helps for Auxiliaries, affords a fund of information in regard to the organization and work of twenty-five woman's missionary societies in America and England. The pages of its introduction, written by an able and devoted worker in the home field, are an inspiring call to every Christian woman. It does good to trace the leadings of Providence, and to note the progress of this grand movement of the age. The book is cordially recommended, and testimonials regarding it are numerous and appreciative. Will not secretaries and others seek to introduce it? There are special terms to those who will take a few copies to sell.

CORRECTION. — On page 7 of the January number, in the paragraph with reference to the officers of the Foreign Missionary Society, please read after *Intelligencer*, C. H. Forney, D. D., editor of the *Church Advocate*, the organ of the Church of God, and the Rev. D. B. Montgomery, of the General Baptists, one of the editors of the *Free Baptist*, are among its vice-presidents. (Mr. J. H. Redsecker, to whose name Rev. is prefixed, preaches in deeds and not from the pulpit.)

For the Young People.

Many Days After.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.



LOIS GORDON went home from a holiday visit to Philadelphia with her heart set on a missionary society. She had been at the meetings at 1334, had heard the report of the past year's work, had caught a glimpse of what was planned for the future, had listened to the glowing words of those just home from the front, and had joined in the earnest prayers that went up to the heavenly Father's throne. She was thoroughly enthused. She felt how good and soul-satisfying it was to ring in with this circle which took in the world and yet was so closely bound together by the Saviour's love. So on her journey home, she laid her plans for an auxiliary in Shirley. There were difficulties in the way—the church was not a wealthy one, it was in debt, and it had never had a missionary society. Lois herself did not exactly see the force of this last objection, though she knew it was considered weighty. In her eager young heart the Master's last command was sounding—"Go ye." Surely in their church it *must* meet *some* response.

Her return home was quite an event in the family circle, and the first evening flew rapidly away while she recounted her little gayeties, the pictures she had seen, the music she had heard, the pleasant acquaintances she had made. Later on, the children were tucked away in bed, Mr. Gordon took a book and went into his study, and Lois and Jennie drew up their chairs beside their mother for a quiet chat. Then Lois told of the meetings and broached her cherished plan. Mother and sister were ready with sympathy and interest. The three talked the matter over many times during the following days. It was a question whether they should first attempt to organize an auxiliary or a band. Finally they decided on an auxiliary, in which the old and young could work together. When the plan had assumed definite shape in their own minds they consulted Mr. Gordon as to its feasibility. The pastor shook his head. "The work was a grand one. He would be gratified

to see the women of his church engaged in it, but previous efforts to awaken an interest in the missionary cause had been of little avail. Spirituality was at a shockingly low ebb in the congregation; it was with difficulty that the home work was carried on. However, he would be glad to see the plan tried; it might succeed, and might have a reflex influence for good."

Accordingly the next Sabbath the ladies of the church were surprised to hear themselves invited to the parsonage "to consider the question of taking some organized part in the great work of evangelizing the world." Between that time and the day appointed for the meeting, earnest prayers went up from the hearts of the three most interested. "Would anybody come?" Perhaps personal invitations might induce attendance, and so personal invitations were given. Wednesday afternoon came, and with it a respectable number of ladies, young and old; more than Lois had dared to hope for, yet, somehow, the atmosphere was not encouraging. When all had assembled, Mrs. Gordon stated the object of the meeting, and the amount of diplomacy employed by the gentle lady in making the idea of a society alluring, and in steering clear of objections and prejudices, would have done credit to a Bismarck. She closed by trying to impress the duty as well as the beauty of the work upon their minds. Then she asked to hear the opinions of others. Lois thought all hearts must be touched, and waited with her own beating anxiously. There was a blank and ominous silence, which lasted until it grew appalling. Finally, up spoke Mrs. Brown, and she spoke with decision.

"For my part, I think it would be better to be building up the walls of our own Jerusalem than troubling ourselves about the heathen. Debt has been hanging over our church for years, and the pews are not even cushioned."

"And it's a fact patent to all observers that cushions are far more necessary to us than the Gospel to the heathen," thought poor Lois.

It was useless to remonstrate. She knew the die had been cast. Mrs. Brown's influence was paramount in the congregation. Mrs. Dean, a lady of original mind, hastened to back her by making the startling assertion that "charity begins at home," and several others chimed in.

"I don't want to discourage the work," continued Mrs. B., "but it would be *my* advice to organize a ladies' aid society." And after some discussion the said society was duly organized.

(To be continued.)

Reception to the Returned Missionaries.

By invitation of Mrs. Prof. B. F. Hayes, Mrs. O. R. Bacheler and her daughter, Mary Bacheler, recently spent a few days in our city. It was very pleasant to greet them, for to some of us they were friends of years ago. Sunday afternoon, these missionary ladies addressed a union Woman's Missionary meeting, in the Court Street Free Baptist Church of Auburn, and on the Monday evening following the three F. B. churches tendered them a public reception at Main Street Church, Lewiston. The ladies met at four o'clock for a sociable, supper was served at half-past six, and the public reception followed at eight in the evening. After some appropriate toasts the tables were removed, and the Rev. O. D. Patch, pastor of the church, presiding, opened the exercises by Scripture reading, followed by Prof. B. F. Hayes, D. D., who offered a very fervent prayer; President O. B. Cheney, D. D., then welcomed and introduced Mrs. Bacheler as one of the guests of the evening. The Rev. E. N. Fernald, as an officer of the Missionary Board, also gave her a hearty welcome. The lady then addressed us in a very instructive and entertaining talk about her work in India. There seemed to be no lack of interest in her subject, for the friends would hardly allow her to sit down. Mrs. Bacheler has the happy faculty of bringing India very near to an audience, by a series of vivid, home-like pictures of scenes and events which seem wonderfully real.

Miss Bacheler was then kindly introduced, and in a very simple and pleasant manner told us how she entered, when a little girl, the first Mohammedan zenana in that country. It takes the youngest of our missionaries just five minutes to win the hearts of all who meet her, so unaffected and gentle, and withal so womanly, is her nature. I wish that all the Sunday-school scholars and mission bands of our churches could become acquainted with her and her work. I am sure that they would feel a deeper sympathy with our mission work ever after.

But the good old clock persisted in going right on toward eleven all this time, and so the speeches by the Rev. O. L. Gile, Professor Howe, D. D., and others had to be postponed, and the pleasant gathering closed with the reading by Miss Berry of a letter from Miss Lovina Coombs, of India.

LEWISTON, ME.

IDA HAZELTON.

A Call to Western Women.

As I look over our western field and see how much there is that we *may* do in our denomination, I am ready to say with another — “it is not so much weeping Jeremiahs that we need, as working Nehemiahs.”

No doubt there is cause for tears in the indifference manifested by many of our people, to the responsibilities resting upon them, but “weeping will not save us,” so let us, Western *women*, arise and build. For surely there is a great work for *us* to do, and “why should the work cease, whilst we leave it” and go down to meet objections to plans for carrying on the work, etc. Will it not be more for God’s honor and glory, that we go *forward*. It cannot be that there are many Christians, in this day of missionary intelligence, who have no sympathy with the work of foreign and home missions; rather, it seems to me, there is a lack of an appreciation of *personal responsibility*. I know of churches in our own state that have been active in christian effort, that are now without a pastor, and the work has ceased in a great measure.

Have you ever known of a church that closed its doors, when the members were active in missionary work? Or did the missionary spirit — aggressive and progressive — die first? Sisters, is there any note of warning in this? What is God calling *us* to do? Letters from the president of the W. M. Society, and the Western Home Secretary have been sent broadcast over the West, giving details of plans for united action of the sisters east and west. God himself has committed these interests into our hands, and with the new impetus given the work, by the “East coming to the West” last October, and meeting face to face to talk and plan, if we fail to enter into the work *heartily*, are we not entirely without excuse? I firmly believe that *one* live, earnest, Christian woman in a church or community can start out and by her effort, revive the torpid auxiliary, or find material for organizing a new one, get subscribers for the HELPER, which is a very necessary part of the work—for we must have that, as there is no other publication that fills its place in giving just the kind of information that we want in this woman’s work for woman. Try it, sister, and God will go with you and bless you and the work.

MRS. H. L. CROWELL.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Sebec Quarterly Meeting held a public service Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15, in connection with the Q. M. at Dover. After the opening exercises the minutes of the last meeting were read, a poem entitled "Doubling the Mission Dollar" was recited by Miss Jennie Cummings, an original essay was read by Miss Cora Lambert, and a poem entitled, "What can we do," was recited by Miss Eva Martin. The exercises were interspersed with singing. A good interest was manifest. At the close a collection was taken amounting to \$7.00. The Woman's Mission meeting at our quarterly sessions has become a settled question. The people expect it, and the Lord works through it to the awakening of more and more interest, and the enlargement of the mission army. We thank the Lord and take courage.

M. R. W.

The annual public meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was convened in the church at Bowdoinham Ridge, Oct. 21, at 2.30 P. M. The following is the order of exercises: Singing by the choir; reading of the Scriptures by Mrs. B. F. Hayes, of Lewiston; prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Allen; report of secretary, followed by a select reading, and very interesting remarks by Mrs. Hayes, whose words were an inspiration to us all; report of treasurer; select reading by Miss Josie Sandford; a poem by Miss Sarah Whitmore; very interesting remarks by the Rev. Mr. Allen; remarks and a short poem by Mrs. H. M. White. A collection was taken by two little boys. Some of the sisters speak of it as the best meeting we ever had.

M. J. SANDFORD, *Secretary*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I have felt for some time past that the W. M. Society of the Sandwich Q. M. should be oftener reported in the HELPER. We were organized one year ago last August, amid some discouragements, but with "a mind to work," and we feel our labors have not been in vain in the Lord.

We hold a public meeting in connection with each session of the Q. M., and each time have had a good number present, who have seemed interested in the exercises.

We make it a point to take a collection at the close, and instead of drawing from the usual Q. M. collection (as some feared), it has had the effect to nearly double the amount usually taken, while the amount raised for missions is nearly *four times* as large as in years past.

But we are not perfect yet. We want each church to feel it has a work to do in this direction, and each church which has an auxiliary we desire to report to us regularly. Then we shall feel a oneness, and can know more fully what we are doing as a Quarterly Meeting. Let us keep steadily at work with faith and courage.

MRS. S. E. GRIFFIN, *Secretary*.

VERMONT.

Again Corinth Auxiliary mourns the loss of a member, this being the sixth removed since its organization.

Our dear friend, Mrs. Abbie B. Avery, died Nov. 9th, aged 77 years. In behalf of our society, the following resolutions have been adopted:

Whereas, by the inscrutable providence of God, our dear friend and sister in Christ, Mrs. Abbie B. Avery, has been removed by death, therefore,

Resolved, That we gratefully cherish in memory her faithfulness to the cause of missions.

Resolved, That we imitate her zeal for every good word and work that would tend to promote the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *HELPER* for publication.

MRS. T. P. EATON.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. S. Marsh, Sec. French Creek (Q. M.) W. M. Society, writes: "Our Society was organized at the September session, Mrs. S. R. Evans, President; Mrs. S. Marsh, Secretary and Treasurer. Since then three auxiliary societies have been organized, which hold regular meetings, with increasing interest. The first public meeting of the Q. M. Society was at Sherman, in December. There were essays, a recitation, a dialogue, and a poem. The night was stormy, but the meeting a *success*. Raised fifteen dollars for foreign missions last quarter, and take twenty-one copies of the *HELPER*.

I am rather late sending my yearly report, but this last day in the year I will write a few words for the encouragement of our own society, and perhaps for others. Four years last November, Miss Libbie Cilley helped us to organize two auxiliaries, and we soon had four, and we have averaged \$94 a year. We have a missionary band at Philadelphia, and two other churches have taken \$5 shares for the support of Mrs. Griffin. We have sent \$13 to the treasury for her. We usually have missionary meetings in connection with the Quarterly Meetings each Saturday evening. The secretaries of our auxiliaries are all nobly interested in their work.

MRS. B. F. BROWN, *Sec. Jefferson Q. M. W. M. Soc.*

OHIO.

At the December session of Harmony Q. M., held at Broadway, the Woman's Missionary Society held a public meeting Saturday evening, Dec. 1.

The exercises consisted of recitations and essays, also a letter from Dr. Nellie Phillips. A collection was taken amounting to \$6.76.

On Saturday afternoon the annual election of officers was held, resulting in the choice of Mrs. Mary A. Henry, President; Mrs. J. C. Skidmore, Secretary and Treasurer. The next meeting is to be held at East Liberty, Saturday evening, Feb. 2. MRS. J. C. SKIDMORE, *Secretary*.

Thinking, possibly, some would like to hear from the Concord church, I know of no better way than through the *HELPER*. The Richland and Licking Q. M. met with our church Nov. 17 and 18; we had a good time.

The Rev. O. E. Baker from Marion was with us. On Saturday evening we held our missionary meeting. We had select reading, essays, and declamations, almost all taken from the *HELPER*. At the close of these exercises Mr. Baker talked to us, and his words were like manna to the hungry soul. The collection amounted to \$6.00. Our choir selected good music for the occasion. Mrs. Powers is working hard and earnestly for a large number of subscribers for the *HELPER* the coming year.

MRS. CHARLES HILDRETH, *President*.

MICHIGAN.

Sunday evening, Dec. 9, the Woman's Missionary Society of Hillsdale held its quarterly public meeting at the F. B. Church. The many children in the audience was a pleasant feature, giving strong promise for the future missionary work of Hillsdale. The choir, with Professor Chace at the organ, led the congregation in singing during the evening. Mrs. Professor Copp presided. After singing and reading of Scripture, a special blessing came through one of good Father Fisk's earnest "talks with God." Seven of the children recited "Little Workers"; Miss Kitty Mills led several young ladies in an instructive dialogue on India; Miss Ball had a very interesting reading; James Whipple recited "God Wants the Boys," and Miss Minnie Hill recited "In Earthen Vessels." Last on the literary programme was a thoughtful essay by Miss Hattie Reynolds. Some of the boys and girls passed around the baskets for the collection. The one who got a bill returned with sparkling eyes. Professor Sally pronounced the benediction.

There are many earnest Christian workers here, whom it is pleasant to add as friends to the many dear sisters in the East.

MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER.

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: How very much I regret that I was not able to attend the General Conference and so have the pleasure of shaking hands with you and other eastern sisters whose names are familiar to me through the pages of *our* uniting link. How glad I am that God ever put it into your heart to publish this magazine, which seems to introduce you all to us, and somewhat acquaints us, though many miles lie between us. I long for the day when *all* our sisters shall take the *HELPER*, and so be helped to greater earnestness and zeal in our Master's cause. I am trying to get a larger list of subscribers. I cannot do, however, as much as I would like to, on account of my health. I have sent postal cards to some of my friends in different places, where there is no agent, and some of them have responded. One says the *HELPER* gets better and better. To me it is always a welcome visitor.

I am more hopeful for the future in our work here, as the Rev. T. H. Drake and wife are now with us and have warm and *earnest* hearts for the mission cause. We had our annual meeting on January 6, at which time the following programme was carried out: Music by the choir; reading of Scripture and invocation, Rev. T. H. Drake; music; select reading, "A Call to Service," Mattie Hume; select reading, letter from Miss Coombs, Mrs. E. W. Cleveland; essay, "Temples," Miss Lou Champ-
lin; music; select reading, "Brother Brown and His Gifts," Minnie

Westfall; select reading, "Ye did it not to me," Viola Maxson; conversation, by five young ladies; music—solo, "My Ain Country," Viola Maxson; paper, Mrs. T. H. Drake; recitation, "The Little Red Boxes," Misses Frankie Salisbury and Ida Able, and the two little girls passed the boxes and received the collection of \$4.

The officers of our society for the year are: President, Mrs. T. H. Drake; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Lou. E. Champlin; Agent for the HELPER, Miss Lena McStay.

LOU. E. CHAMPLIN.

INDIANA.

The W. M. Society of the Lagrange Q. M. held its first public meeting in the new Free Baptist church at Pleasant Ridge, Saturday evening, November 3. I was unable to attend, and can only give you the programme as furnished me, without personal comment, but to quote the words of one who was there, and whose judgment I think would be considered of worth, "they had a good meeting."

The programme was as follows: Opening anthem by the choir, "Sing, O sing unto the Lord"; Scripture reading by the president, followed by prayer by Mrs. Ritter; singing, "Go ye into all the World"; address of welcome, Mrs. Vaughn; response, Mrs. Ritter; singing, "Good News"; select reading, "Customs of India," Mrs. Robbins; recitation, "The Last Command," Minnie Frisbee; singing, "New Missionary Hymn," Male Quartette; essay, "Doing Good," Mrs. Wemple; singing, "No Night in Heaven," by Children; address, "Missions," Mrs. Frisbee; address, by Prof. Dudley; singing; remarks by the Rev. J. Rendel, and a collection of \$3.86.

Three new names were added as members of the society. I cannot report the amount of work done during the quarter, as I have received no reports from the collectors. There has been paid directly to me \$2.41, making a total during the quarter of \$6.87.

The HELPER has a good circulation throughout the Q. M., and is highly prized by its many readers. Several who have taken it this year for the first time, express their determination to renew at the expiration of their subscription.

The Rev. Mr. Coldren has three collectors in this Q. M., and I am requested to state that one of them, Rev. Mr. Ritter, has collected twelve dollars for him during the quarter.

MRS. E. O. DICKINSON, *Secretary.*

NOTE.—Will not those who send these reports, so interesting and valuable, try to gather up all other items which may be suggestive and helpful, beside the minutes of the meetings. Do not let the anecdotes and incidents be passed by, nor the special baptisms of blessing be forgotten.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

HAST thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? . . . He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.—ISAIAH xl., 28, 29.